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# THERE SHALL BE NO MORE SEA

BY ANNE ATWOOD DODGE

There shall be no more sea!  
Then presently  
We shall turn listless eyes  
On Paradise,  
And carelessly behold  
Jasper and beaten gold.  
Aimlessly up and down  
The streets of God's tall town  
That was not built by hands,  
Throughout untroubled lands  
Where glassy rivers flow,  
Our restless feet will go;  
And to the crystal walls,  
Whence the sight falls  
And falters in the bright  
Incredible light,  
We shall come wistfully  
Straining our eyes to see,  
Wonderfully small and far,  
Our sea-enamelled star.

How shall we sing  
God's praises, wearying  
For the wind and the fog and the brave  
Thunder of wave upon wave,  
For salt upon our lips  
And the excellent beauty of ships,  
For sound and sight  
Of all our old delight?

God, whom our fathers wrought  
Out of their travailing thought,  
Deal with us generously—  
Give us our sea!